

# The Sketch

No. 1215—Vol. XCIV.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



CHRYSOLOPHUS PHYLLIDOS (A RARE BIRD FROM THE ALHAMBRA): MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN  
AS A GOLDEN PHEASANT IN "THE BING BOYS ARE HERE!"

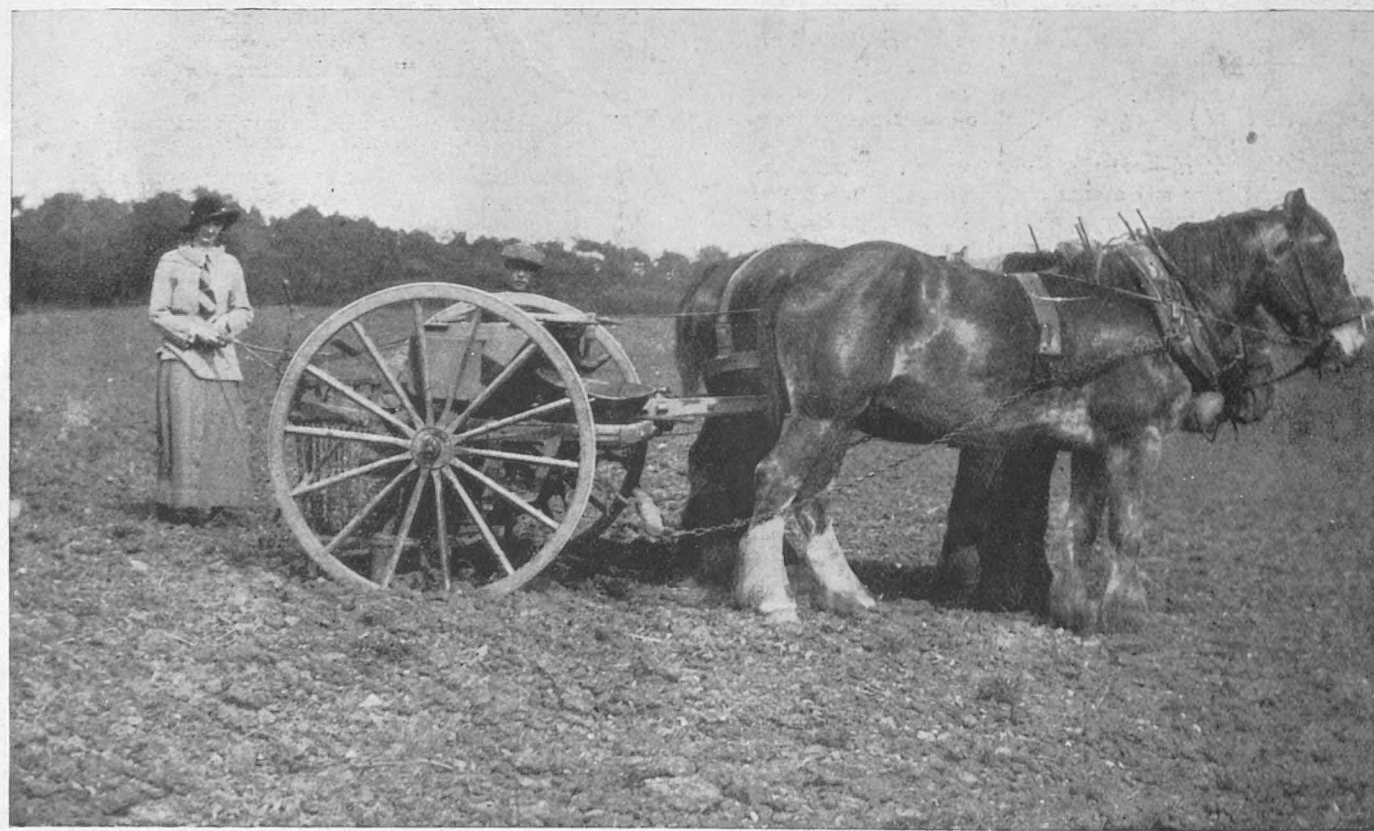
In "the Mappin Terraces at the 'Zoo'" scene of the new Alhambra revue, Miss Phyllis Monkman appears as a Golden Pheasant, in the costume here shown. Each feather

had to be sewn on to the dress separately; and the whole creation meant a month's work.—[*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.*]



WE ARE AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS! PEERS' DAUGHTERS.

WAR WORK IN THE FIELDS: THE HON. JOAN SCLATER-BOOTH, AT THE HARROW.



WAR WORK IN THE FIELDS: LADY IRENE DENISON, DRILLING.

A curious and commendable feature of the universal insistence upon doing one's "bit" in the war is that it appears likely not only to afford many openings for the employment of women in hitherto undreamt-of callings, but also to stimulate that "back to the land" movement which has been for some years in the air, especially as regards the employment of women. To-day, many ladies of birth and education are turning their thoughts in that direction, and our photographs show two of them

engaged in agriculture of a very practical kind. The Hon. Joan Sclater-Booth, Lord Basing's daughter, is seen in a field on Moorhouse Farm, near Scarborough, guiding a harrow drawn by two sturdy horses, and the second picture shows Lady Irene Denison, the only daughter of the Earl of Londesborough, one of whose country seats is at Scarborough, working with a drill, drawn by two horses, in the same field and at the same time.—[Photographs by Pictorial Studio, Scarborough.]



## SOCIETY PROGRAMME-SELLERS — AS ORANGE-GIRLS.



LADY NEWNES (WIFE OF SIR FRANK NEWNES).



LADY PRICE ; AND Mlle. DELYSIA.



LADY MUIR MACKENZIE ; LADY MURRAY ; AND MRS. LIONEL HARRIS.



LADY CROSFIELD.

A pleasant and successful feature of the great Tercentenary commemoration performance at Drury Lane, on May 2, in presence of the King and Queen, was the selling of the interesting programmes by a cohort of ladies gathered together from Society and the stage by Lady Alexander, and their persuasive methods and attractive appearance in the costume of Old Drury orange-girls of the Nell Gwynne period added substantially to the funds. Lady Newnes, wife of the well-known newspaper proprietor, is a daughter of

the late Sir Albert de Rutzen, formerly Chief Metropolitan Police Magistrate.—Lady Price had for a fellow-saleswoman Mlle. Delysia, who has made so many friends in London since her appearance upon our stage.—Lady Muir Mackenzie, Lady Murray, and Mrs. Lionel Harris, of Upper Grosvenor Street, were assiduous and successful vendors, as, too, was Lady Crosfield, Sir Arthur Crosfield's wife. Their self-imposed task was made easier by the knowledge that the Red Cross Society would benefit by every copy sold.

Photographs by C.N.





# PHRYNETTE'S LETTERS. TO LONELY SOLDIERS.

## MUSHROOM MARRIAGES.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

THIS week I was invited to three divorces—weddings, I mean (I was anticipating). Wise people who want to find a cause for everything are blaming the war for the recrudescence in divorces (how do you spell recrudescence—two c's or two s's?). They say, marry in love and get ready divorcing, or words to that effect. For what is marrying in haste, if not while you are in love and want to? Why, if one were to wait and see through the other, it might be marry in hate often—besides, no one would! I don't pretend to read statistics through, but it strikes me that there are more divorces just now simply because there are more marriages, and not because of the scramble for the yoke. Long engagements are very well and convenient for people who can't marry or have no wish ever to marry: it enables them to see a lot of each other and be seen with each other—the while they wink at the world and grin at Mrs. Grundy. But for those who are eager and in earnest, the shorter the engagement (in love as well as in war), the better—what say you? Else between a congenial couple there may follow friendship, and friendship is fatal to fierce affection. For an uncongenial couple it results in dislike and hostility, and there we are trespassing upon conjugal ground. And where would novelists and playwrights—and especially the writers of French farces—be, I ask you, if all the storm and stress were to happen during the sweetheating period? Why, you, or some other hero, and She might actually be allowed to meet your or his or her affinity before it was too late, which would be against all traditions. No, let the mushroom marriage so much *à la mode* be. Marry in haste by all means—marry in haste, and re-marry at leisure. The number of divorces is not a discouragement as much as an inducement to marriage. For, if love treats you badly, you can throw yourself into the arms of the Law—not as alluring, of course, but what will you? There might be a way open to all to diminish divorce—but then, I suppose, marriage 'prenticeship is too simple and inexpensive to be adopted.

Ah, well, let's dismiss divorce and dwell on weddings (in order of precedence). Shall I tell you—it may be of some use to you to know—that the new engagement rings oftentimes have a loving message engraved inside the ring; and a rather charmingly old-fashioned and sentimental idea is for the bride and bridegroom to have both a posy ring, which they give each other on their wedding day, wear for a short time, and then have the ring cut in halves—the girl's half joined to the man's half, and vice-versa. And for worse or for "worse"!

The Park is an interesting place these days, all sunny and sprouting, with women parading their wounded and their *toilettes de printemps*; for—as, perhaps, you have guessed—while one respects the spirit of posters that plead for the rags of vesteryear, one does not take them to the letter. The truth is, it's too sunny for shabbiness—defunct fashions are an anachronism among the general freshness. And so the Park is again a place of pleasure. And as no woman worth her sugar is a woman of leisure these days, no one can grudge her either her worthily filling in of such a frame as the Park or her "lizarding" on

the lawns after such a "strenuousing" as only a Society woman can accomplish. The word "frame" came naturally to me because I have just come out of the Royal Academy. I got my usual head-

ache in trying to look at the pictures as well as at the people; and at the private show it's a difficult feat, because some people are as interesting as their portraits; and one knows the portraits will always be with us—at least for the season—while the originals, following their different energies, seldom gather together nowadays. In fact, there were remarkably few people for a first afternoon.

A great show of miniatures it is easy enough to understand: miniatures are easier to carry than photographs, and you have already such a lot of things to cart about with you—and then a miniature does more justice to the glorious colouring of the English girl than any photograph can.

Why is it that one gets always so thirsty at the Academy? At least, I do; so we didn't stay long—all the less so that, as he was going back to the front in a few days, it seemed a waste of time to stare at painted faces, and so we set out in search of a congenial corner and tea, and then we disagreed. He said that the ideal London tea-room is yet to be built. I asked what he meant by the ideal tea-room, and he said, "A place where a chap who has only a few days

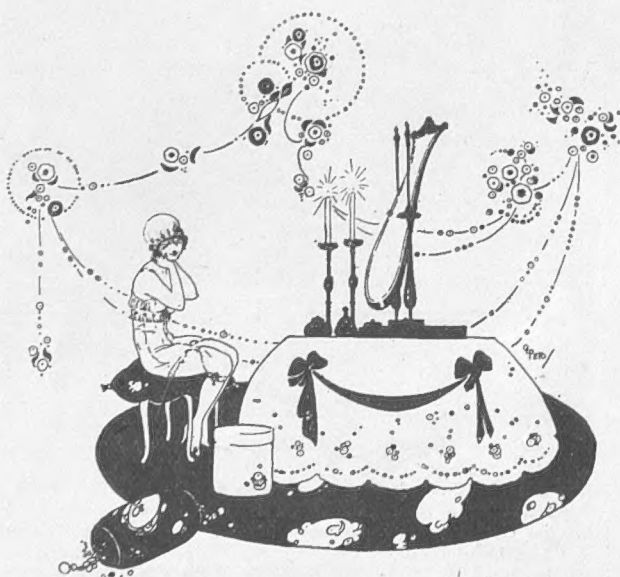


"As I didn't want Jack to mope indoors, I sent them both out—but oh, they seemed so glad to go-o-o!"

to himself out of the trenches and has neglected to send telegrams to all or any member of his family is not likely to run into his aunts, cousins, god-mothers, and other women friends. Of course, for you it is different. I know women go in for Palm

Courts and an orchestra in their tea—in fact, they are not enjoying themselves unless they are where the whole town has turned itself in!" I agreed, which seemed to displease him. I suppose those uncalled calls to auntie were heavy on his conscience. "When I want to be alone," I said, "I stay at home." "Who said alone?" he nagged. "Alone to a certain extent" (!) "Imagine a room with carpets like cushions, and cushions like eiderdown, and curtains everywhere." "Suffocating!" I shrugged. "And a table that can't be upset," he went on, "and yet that can be folded when the whole silly tea business is over—a place where one could make tea themselves." "Sounds more like a *garçonnière* (such as I imagine them!) than a tea-room," I thought. I finished thinking just as he was saying, "Waiters and waitresses ought to have bells on their toes, or at least about them; it's beastly seeing somebody springing suddenly in front of you with a tray or some such rot, don't you know, just when—just when you are not expecting them." His nerves must be bad, don't you think?—the effect of fighting, no doubt. However, we solved the question to my great satisfaction by going to the Savoy.

As I am writing this to you, lizarding on the bank of the river with your latest letters in a satchel by my side, I am planning what to do with the war relics I am the proud possessor of. Badges, buttons, billets—I mean to keep them all and always. A Spanish dancer whom you are sure to have admired in town at some time or other had a splendid idea for keeping sentimental mementos. Every petal of flowers of all the bouquets that were offered to her she preserved, carting them all over the world in a big box, and when the box was full she meant to have a mattress stuffed with the still fragrant rose-leaves. What say you? I am tempted to do the same—not with the badges and buttons, they might not be conducive to a sound sleep, but with the billets. I have even planned not to have the mattress sewn on all sides, but to leave one to fasten with a flap; and when feeling particularly depressed, or needing soothing and reassuring on Zeppelin nights—why, I could fish haphazard from among your epistles, and laugh at your jokes, and blush at your amiability, and gulp a little at your courage and good-humour and general "dearness."





A mattress of rose-petals is a more poetical piece of house-furnishing than the bed-curtain fashioned out of threaded champagne corks that was the "find" of another stage star. The corks were those that had been used for toasting her sky-high at numberless "after-her-show" suppers. But then, nothing will surprise me in the way of queer collections.

I am awaiting your say on the subject of my last article. Do you, at the front, think it bad form for your women folk to dress their "darndest" for your return?

At a recent meeting at which the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Maud Warrender, Lady Randolph Churchill, and other great dames were present, instead of regarding one another's spring models with interest, they glanced with satisfaction at their last season's frocks and exchanged congratulations on having made them "do."

But we are not all so wise. It's no use pretending we are just as happy, when you come back ready for any fun, to feel ourselves in the sloughs of dowdiness.

Indeed, there are times when dowdiness may be disastrous, judging by the red eyes and general miserableness of Marian. She came to me yesterday ostensibly to ask me whether I would sell flags or flowers or médallions, or whatever they sell to-morrow—isn't something being sold every to-morrow? But, in reality, I

think what Marian most wanted was a good cry on my neck. She knows I keep powder in three tints and a fund of sympathy. I was awfully curious to know what the matter was, and consequently I asked nothing—I could see she was fairly bursting with her grievance. At last, "You

know, Phrynette," she said lugubriously, "Jack is back." I did not know, and I could never have guessed either by her tone or her expression

"When feeling particularly depressed, . . . why, I could fish hap-hazard from among your epistles."

sion that the best-beloved of husbands in town was being welcomed to a happy hearth! "Lucky little Marian, you must both be swimming in the seventh heaven!" (A figure of speech, for they don't swim there, do they?—they fly, I believe.) Then it was that Marian began, word by word, and tear by tear, to tell me her tragic tale. It seems that Jack came home, not like last time, with a nasty wound in the shoulder, but full of health and determination to enjoy himself and give Marian an extra-good time. The very day he arrived Cousin Enid turned up from the country for the Shakespeare celebrations. Now, of course, Marian and Jack would have preferred to be alone during his leave, but what can you say to Shakespeare? And can you close your door to a little country cousin, simple, shy, in her home-made clothes, with an umbrella in her grey-gloved hand? At least, that's how Marian remembered Enid, the youngest of five daughters, at the Vicarage. But when Jack and his little wife came back from the station they found, waiting for them, a metamorphosed Enid—a country girl still indeed, as far as clear eyes and complexion—but her clothes! Ye goddesses! And her boots, and her hat, and her hand-bag—she had no umbrella! Just to look at her made Marian feel that she (Marian) had just returned from many years' stagnation in a wilderness overseas, and continents away from Bond Street. Jack's jaw fell, but his eyes did not—and Marian's miserableness began.

"Has Enid married a millionaire?" I asked. "Surely her vicar-papa isn't so generous!"

"It's pigs," moaned Marian. "Enid is bringing up pigs and cows and cabbages. She joined another woman in taking a farm. The other woman had the money, but no experience; and Enid knew all about the country, and they were at college together. They bought the farm from a farmer who thought that nothing would grow now that his young men were in khaki. Well, the two partners kept the oldest

farm-hands—for guidance—and all the other labourers are women, and it's a tremendous success—and you should see her blue sill, periwinkle, just too lovely!"

The same evening the three of them went to the theatre. Jack enjoyed himself as only someone who has done nothing but *Hun-ting* for months can. The play, the women's prettiness, pleased him. He got hold of Marian's hand under the programme, and told her

that the music made him sentimental. Then supper. Now, at the show, Marian in her 1914 frock had not been very much in evidence; but at the night club there was such an expanse of parquet to cover, so much light showing every seam of her dowdy dress! And there was Enid in her miraculously cut clothes . . . the

comparison was particularly odious to Marian. Jack wanted to dance, so did Enid. Poor little Marian! "N—no," she thought she wouldn't; she was "tired," she said (only her gown was tired, not she!) . . . and it must have felt rather rotten, you know, to see one's husband and one's cousin appearing and disappearing among other couples, clasping one another, and grinning joyfully into one another's face, which they did most of the night. During a short interval Jack, who seemed to derive much pleasure in observing round him, said suddenly, "Jolly things women are wearing this year, all sticking out everywhere. . . . I say, hips are in fashion again. . . . Funny little frills, aren't they? Don't you think this style would suit you, Marian? I see that you still affect those clinging 'mould-me-tight' sort of clothes—they make one look older somehow."

With tears on her tongue, Marian protested that she did not "affect" any particular style out of choice. "This is the same dress I wore at the Casino in Trouville in July 1914." "You don't say," gasped Jack. "But why? Is it an anniversary or what?"

"But no, my dear; just war economy. You told me when you left I should try not to run bills at Leontine's."

"Oh, but, little woman—poor little woman! I didn't mean you going about looking like Cousin Ursula! There is a happy medium, you know." A happy medium, perhaps, but not a happy Marian! "And last night," melancholy Marian said, "Jack had again planned a jolly frisk, but I didn't want to shame him again in my old yellow frock, so I said I had a headache and wouldn't go out, but Enid did. As I didn't want Jack to mope indoors, I sent them both out—but oh, they seemed so glad to go-o-o!"

I sympathised with her all I could. "One can't go and get clothes made all in three days—not at Leontine's, anyway."

"Oh, I could," said Marian sniffingly. "I am stock-size; but there's the League. I belong to the Isabella League, called such for historic reasons—we have modified it, of course, but the principle is the same. We swore we would not buy anything until the end of the war."

"Short-sighted simpleton!" I scolded. "You may be threadbare by then, or even just bare, without any thread left!" Marian was watering with her tears the flowers of a Futurist cushion. "I have sworn to buy nothing," she said. "Do not tempt me!"

"Eureka!" I shrieked—upon which Marian said I wasn't to call her names. "To borrow is not to buy," I suggested. We spent the afternoon trying on my frocks on Marian!



"Trying to look at the pictures . . . and at the private show is a difficult feat."



"The ideal tea-room . . . with carpets like cushions, and cushions like eiderdowns, and curtains everywhere, . . . and waitresses with bells on their toes."





# SMALL TALK

THE Marquis de Soveral, now an ally in fact as well as in sentiment, spent the week-end at an old haunt of his, Windsor Castle, and there met Mr. and Mrs. Hughes. It was from Windsor that same week that the King travelled by special train to the even more antique and ancient scenery of Drury Lane, and there knighted a gentleman in a Roman toga. Half the joy of the thing, from Sir Frank's point of view, lay in the fact that he was knighted, so to say, on the field and while under arms. The military sound of that term is not inappropriate in the case of a man who has always been regarded as the Commander-in-Chief of Shakespearean actors, and whose dramatic school is known as the O.T.C. of the profession.

number of people who, if economy really got the upper hand, would be ruined.

## Underhand Open-handedness.

upper hand is only another way of saying that extravagance is underhand. Parties are given semi-secretly. If there is a lavish spread at one woman's house, it is generally explained that another is responsible—that a friend is the hostess for the night. Hospitality goes on, but is fugitive and difficult to put a name to. Since money is being spent, one way or another, it is refreshing to find that some people have the courage of their long purses. There was, naturally enough, a certain amount of criticism offered when the prettiest and most expensive marriages of the war season

Economy has, in a sense, got the upper hand, the ordinary rule being that extravagance is laid low. But to say that economy has the

seemed always to be under the wing of some member of a Cabinet that posterized the town with warnings against expenditure. But here, at the Bathurst-Montrose function, we only saw done openly, and for a great occasion, what so many moneyed people are doing on the quiet and without any particular excuse.

## Unreported.

To the unreported party goes a strange medley of people and professions. The partnerships these days at an after-theatre dance and supper are fully as unexpected as those at the charity performances that throw the Duchesses into the arms of the French comedians. The connecting link is the officer on leave, in whose honour, if the truth were known, everybody is met together. Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson gave some new dances the other night before a company in which khaki predominated; and Miss Teddie Gerard, the idol of all such gatherings, sang. To another category, though mainly catering for the same constituency, belong the little dinners lately given by Lady Sarah Wilson, Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Rochfort Maguire, and Lady Granard.

## Partnerships.

The Duchess of Westminster did really take Delysia's part in Lady Greville's matinee. She had been allotted M. Morton for her best man, and the fact was gravely announced in the *Times* among the Births, Deaths, Marriages and Matinee engagements. Miss Asquith's partner was Mr. Nelson Keys, Lady Rothermere's Mr. G. P. Huntley. Who, next, can be found for Delysia, in order to extend the series of interesting combinations? Perhaps Earl Spencer, as the properest man in town, should be called upon in the name of charity. There is no end to the possible matches of the kind, but we have still to wait for the conjunction of the Duchess of Devonshire's name with Mr. George Robey's.

## Dressing Up.

How much another Benson would have enjoyed the scene at Drury Lane!

Although Monsignor Hugh saw very little of Sir Frank, he was always full of respect and enthusiasm for the stage, and had it in his heart to be an actor himself.

From his earliest days he had the true Bensonian passion for dressing up. One of his early sayings, punctuated by the slight stammer that everybody rather liked in him, was recorded at the time of his father's enthronement at Canterbury: "I looked perfectly charming," he said of himself as acolyte, "in a little p-purple cassock and a little p-purple c-c-cap."

## Cold Steel and the Beard.

Is the bearded man—saving always his Majesty—more inclined to rebellion than the shaven? Sir Roger Casement, for instance? Certainly, if his convictions had run differently, he would have used a razor and taken a commission. There, again, another curious point is raised. Has a Government that insists on conscription the further right of insisting on a clean-shaven army? "That's the greatest tyranny of all," said a smiling sympathiser to a rueful conscript of forty in a club the other day. It must, of course, seem a little hard to those who have cultivated a beard to the point of a "hirsute ornament."

## A Real Wedding.

Lady Meriel Bathurst's train was a joy to see. It was absolutely uncompromising; it left nobody in doubt. One did not say of it, "Yes, it's a train; but it would have been twice as long in peace-time." It swept aside all the cobwebs of economy; it swept aside the anxious, dusty, home-made, penurious, pinch-penny, war-vouchering notions that take the heart out of the world in general, and out of Bond Street and the milliners in particular. And the train meant train-bearers, and the bridesmaids meant wedding favours, and Lady Bathurst's reception meant a cake, with a considerable number of accessories, and all round the day meant business to a



A BRIDE OF THIS WEEK:  
MISS DOROTHY COLLIER  
(MRS. W. A. SELBY).

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Collier to Lieutenant-Commander W. A. Selby, R.N., was arranged to take place in London, during the present week.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



ORGANISER OF A WAR MATINÉE AT THE GAIETY:  
THE COUNTESS OF LYTTON.

Lady Lytton, who has a Red Cross Hospital in Nottingham Place, W., and has organised a special matinee in aid of it, to take place at the Gaiety, on May 12, was well known in Society before her marriage to the Earl of Lytton as Miss Pamela. Plowden, daughter of the late Sir Trevor John Chichele-Plowden. Lady Lytton has always been much interested in theatrical matters.—[Photo. by Rita Martin.]



MARRIED YESTERDAY (MAY 9)  
TO MAJOR HUBERT BURKE:  
MISS JANE DENTON.

The marriage of Miss Jane Denton and Major Hubert Burke, D.S.O., of the Royal Garrison Artillery, was arranged to take place yesterday, very quietly, owing to mourning in the family of the bridegroom.

Photograph by Vandyk.



TO MARRY ENGINEER-REAR-ADMIRAL W. F. PAMPHLETT,  
R.N.: MRS. HARGREAVES.

The marriage of Mrs. Hargreaves, of Courtfield Gardens, S.W., to Engineer - Rear - Admiral W. F. Pamphlett is arranged to take place on the 18th inst.

Photograph by Ellen Macnaghten.



WORKING FOR WOUNDED  
FRENCH SOLDIERS IN FRANCE:  
MISS LIND-AF-HAGEBY.

Miss Emelie Lind-Af-Hageby, the well-known speaker and writer upon the Women's Movement, is preparing to open her Sanatorium in the South of France, for wounded French soldiers who are threatened with tuberculosis.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



## SOCIETY PICTURES : WAR-WORKERS ; A WEDDING GROUP.



1. AN INDEFATIGABLE WAR-WORKER : LADY CLARE FEILDING.

2. WIFE OF A COMMISSIONER TO RUSSIA : MRS. ERIC H. ROSE.

3. THE WEDDING OF LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER LORD ALASTAIR GRAHAM AND LADY MERIEL BATHURST : A GROUP.

Lady Clare Feilding is the fifth of the seven daughters of the Earl of Denbigh, Colonel Commanding the H.A.C. She is an indefatigable war-worker, while her sister, Lady Dorothea, has been awarded the French Croix de Guerre and the Order of Leopold of Belgium for her Red Cross work on the Western front.—Mrs. Eric H. Rose is the daughter of the late Hon. Mrs. de Trafford, of Roxham Hall. Mr. Rose has gone to Russia on a mission for the Government.—The wedding of Lieutenant-Commander

Lord Alastair Graham, brother of the Marquess of Graham and son of the Duke of Montrose, with Lady Meriel Bathurst, daughter of Earl Bathurst, took place last week. In the back row (from left to right) are : Miss Lennard ; Lady Eileen Browne ; Miss Harford ; and Lieutenant R. H. Errington, R.N. In front are : Lord Ronald Graham, nephew of the bridegroom ; the Bridegroom ; the Bride ; Lady Mary Graham, niece, and the Earl of Kincardine, nephew of the bridegroom.

Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Yevonde, and Farrington.





"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY: GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

# MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD  
("Chicot").

## "Self-Denial Days."

My papers this morning contain a letter headed "Self-Denial Days: No Meat and No Alcohol." This letter is signed, chiefly, by bishops, authors, and journalists. As a son of the Church who is both an author and a journalist, the letter naturally "arrested my attention."

I find that we are asked to do without alcohol on Monday and meat on Thursday. That is all—at present. I have no hesitation at all in falling in with these mild suggestions. My only complaint is that they are too mild. Or, rather, I complain of their intermittency. Having abstained from alcohol on Monday, and being thereby uplifted and joyful of soul, we are compelled to descend to the depths again on Tuesday and Wednesday. On Thursday, the no-meat day, we soar again, but so slightly that daylight is scarcely visible beneath our feet. Who wants meat, anyway? I don't. I hate it. A hearty eater, I nevertheless dislike all food. Were they not essential for strength, and thereby the means to work, I would abolish meals from my daily programme with the utmost willingness.

Well, then, on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday we again relapse into a state of hoggishness. Comparative hoggishness, of course. This is not good for man. Man wants but little here below, but wants that little regularly. Even self-denial must be taken regularly. Intermissions are dangerous, and irritating. With the utmost humility, therefore, and with full recognition of my unworthiness to deal with any problem whatsoever, I propose to commend to the notice of the distinguished signatories the little list of self-denials at the head of the next paragraph.

SUNDAY—NO NEWSPAPERS.

MONDAY—NO ALCOHOL.

TUESDAY—NO CIGARETTES.

WEDNESDAY—NO FICTION.

THURSDAY—NO MEAT.

FRIDAY—NO BED.

SATURDAY—NO HOME.

## In Fear and Trembling.

I am quite prepared for violent exceptions being taken to this list, but I will try to meet them beforehand. Why, for example, no Sunday newspapers? Well, I am loth to deprive the ministry of a steady means of livelihood—I allude, of course, to the religious and not to the political ministry—but pessimism, it seems to me, is a luxury in war-time, and six days of it should be sufficient in any week. If anybody can produce a cheerful Sunday paper, in which, for four consecutive Sundays, something is admitted to be *all right*, then I will withdraw the suggestion.

If the clergy and the journalists are to suffer by the abstention from buying Sunday newspapers, the novelists ought to suffer as well—that is why I popped in "No Fiction" for Wednesday. With a new novel on the very eve of publication, I cannot be accused of self-seeking. That is to say, I can be, and shall be, but not rightly. And what else matters?

But why "No Bed" on Friday? Why not? When we think of the men in France and Flanders, and talk of their hardships, we really think of the fact that they either lose their sleep altogether or sleep on the bare ground. When a man compelled by age or health or responsibilities to stay at home speaks of his agony of mind, he invariably makes allusion to his "comfortable bed." "I

can't bear," he says, "to sleep in a comfortable bed!" Then why not keep out of it for one night in the week?

## New Paragraph.

Why not, as I was saying when I was interrupted by the exigencies of "make-up," keep out of it? Why not sleep on the floor, or in the garden, or on the kitchen-table? That would save labour, save washing, and exalt the soul. I am quite willing to sleep out of bed every Friday night if all the distinguished signatories to this letter will undertake to do the same. Why, bless me, is there anything I would not do if I could be sure I was doing it in such company?

As for "No Home" on Saturday, every woman in England will applaud me for that suggestion. A man who is going to be at home all day on Sunday should never be at home on Saturday as well. He is an unwanted husband on Saturday. He fills up

corridors, and jams stairways, and makes rooms too small. He should be out and about, seeing things and people, getting air into his lungs, brushing off dust and cobwebs. This applies, with especial force, to the clergy. You can't preach about life without seeing it, any more than you can write—convincingly—about riots in Dublin without crossing the Irish Channel.

But this is a fresh topic. I shall be glad to hear from any members of the "New Self-Denial League" who are prepared to adopt my suggestions or put forward alternatives.

## Things That Happen in War-Time.

(I have seen that excellent heading somewhere—I rather fancy, in the *Daily Express*. Anyway, I admit that it is borrowed, in the fervent hope that, when the millennium succeeds the war, other borrowers will do the same.)

The Chairman of the Women's International League—one would have thought the League capable of finding a Chairwoman—informs me, through the medium of one of my daily papers, that a "Women's Peace Congress" was held at the Hague last year. Further, that "over 180 British women were prepared to go, and it was not lack of international feeling, but the closing of the North Sea, which cut down their representation to three."

I am astonished that 180 women were prepared to attend the Congress from this country. I should have thought that 180,000 women would have jumped at the chance of a little trip to the Hague in the midst

of this wearing war. The Hague is a charming place, and the Palace of Peace, when I saw it, looked a particularly promising spot for a conversazione of any kind. The food at the Hague is good, cabs and trams are cheap, the scenery is pretty, and the air delightful. Personally, if my expenses are paid, I am ready to attend a Conference at the Hague and speak with considerable eloquence on any subject whatever. On the subject of peace (when the Germans are all dead) I should be singularly fluent. As for the North Sea being closed, no real enthusiast should be stopped by that. After all, Sir Roger Casement got to Ireland, and he was about as successful there as the Women's International League could hope to be at the Hague!

I think, by the way, I will start an International Something. We could have a top-hole Conference in the South Sea Islands.



A YOUNG ACTRESS WHO HAS PLAYED THE PARTS OF MISS GERTIE MILLAR AND MISS TEDDIE GERARD IN "BRIC-A-BRAC": MISS MARION PEAKE, OF THE PALACE THEATRE.

During the recent temporary absence for a few days of Miss Gertie Millar, Miss Marion Peake played her parts in "Bric-à-Brac." On another occasion, and for the same reason, she played Miss Teddie Gerard's parts. In both cases she did extremely well.

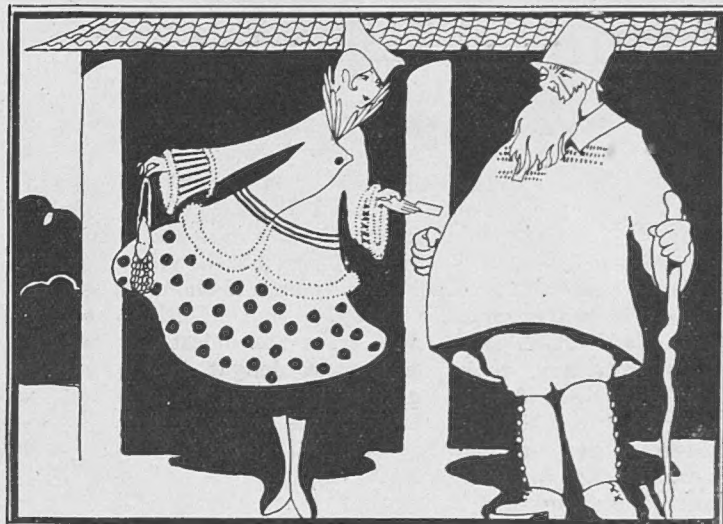
Photograph by Walshams.



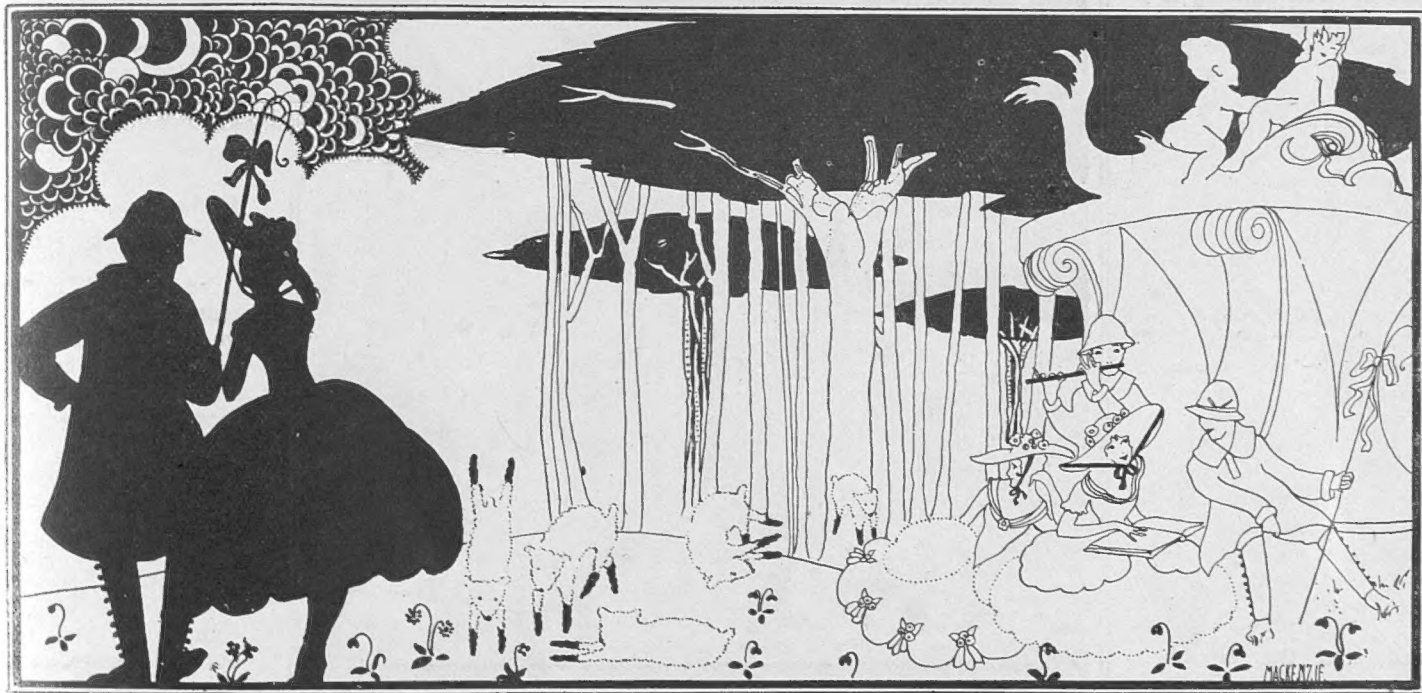
## MORALS OF MACKENZIE: A WOMAN AND THE LAND.



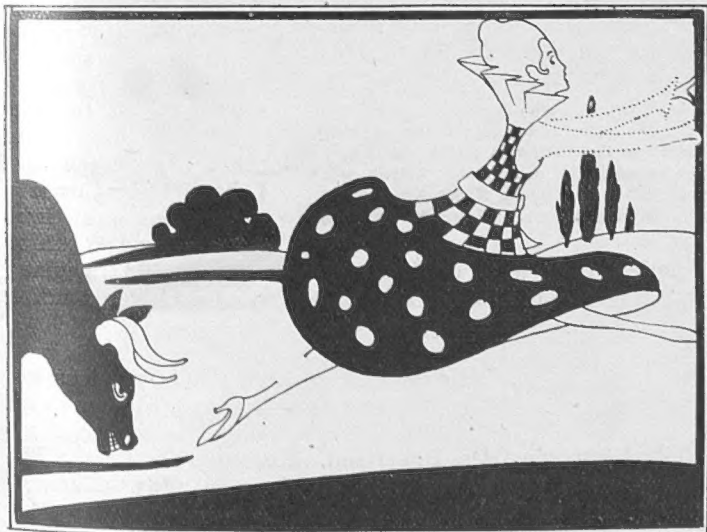
*Elvira, having read about it in the papers, decided to join the Land Workers League.*



*Without more ado, she offered her services to Farmer Giles, —*



*Mentally picturing a setting to her gentle labours something like the above.*



*But at 4AM. the first day she was chased by the infuriated animal she was attempting to milk*



*So a sadder and wiser maid precipitately gathered her frocks and hats together and bade a tearful farewell to the farm.*





# THE CLUBMAN

*SOME SIDE-LIGHTS ON KUT: AMONG THE TURKS: THE GENTLE ART OF EXAGGERATION.*

## General Townshend.

General Townshend is a member of one of the clubs to which I belong. It is a club with several thousand members, and I have never been brought into contact with him; but to a very large number of the members he is "Charlie" Townshend, and the club, as a whole, feels that it has proprietary rights in him. During his advance towards Bagdad the whole club, from the oldest member to the youngest page-boy, took the keenest delight in his victories—"Charlie Townshend is doing splendid things" was a very usual greeting in the hall when two of his many friends met—and when he retired on Kut we were all quite firm in our belief that something *must* happen to bring relief to him and his gallant little army.

## A Desperate Problem.

But we knew—having, most of us, some experience of war—what a desperate problem the Generals attempting his relief had to solve. The fighting to bring succour to Mafeking and Ladysmith—the two besieged towns that are in all our memories—was child's play compared with the obstacles the desert, the rivers, the mirage, and the marshes presented to Generals Aylmer and Lake and Gorringe. The mirage played wonderful tricks—sheep became forts, and ant-hills became mountains under its magnifying influences, and the scouts moving in advance of our troops could never believe their eyes. There was too much water in the brackish marshes; but if a force moved out into the desert to turn the marshes, lack of drinking-water compelled a retirement when all the water that could be carried was exhausted, and the terrible sun induced overpowering thirst. And when, in desperation, the lines thrown up under the guidance of German engineers were attacked in front by our men, moving over open ground, they had to meet picked troops of the Turkish army, who are admirable soldiers in the defence.

## "A Forlorn Hope."

We in the club heard, perhaps, rather more than the general public knew. We were told up to what date the India Office calculated that Townshend's provisions would last, and we heard to what date, a later one, Lady Townshend believed that her husband could hold out; and when both these dates had passed and we heard that the horses were being killed and eaten, we wondered whether the Turkish tale of flour-bags dropped by airmen could be true, for even if the Kut garrison was on half-rations the store of food could not last into May. The dash of the relief-ship with its cargo of food and ammunition up a river in flood, its banks lined by enemy troops, and a bridge of boats to be broken through before Kut could be reached, was so evidently a "forlorn hope" that it was almost a relief to know that the gallant General, unbeaten by enemy arms, had ceased the fight against starvation.

## Humanity to Captives.

Our men, captives in Turkish hands, are likely to be better treated than they would be if they were in the power of the Huns. The officers and men of the submarine which ran aground in the Dardanelles were able to let their friends know, through a neutral source, that they were not ill-treated. There is less scarcity of food in Asiatic Turkey than there is in Turkey in Europe, and the Turks of the Bagdad army know well enough that what was Townshend's and his men's position yesterday may be theirs to-morrow. General Lake, with his communications free and his advance only held up by the floods, still threatens Bagdad from the south, and in the north already the sound of the hoofs of the Cossacks' ponies is heard on the mountain roads. The Bagdad Turkish army may well, before many weeks or months have passed, find itself between two mill-stones.

## Numbers.

The Secretary of State for War gave the exact numbers of the troops, British and native, who were in Kut at the time of the surrender. The Turks, in their official despatch, bettered that total by some 4000. Probably these were added to give more importance to the event; and the Turks have learned from the Germans the art of exaggeration in their communiqués, and very likely counted every living thing—camp-followers, cats, dogs, babies, and fowls—in Kut as prisoners of war.

## The Air Post.

The advent of the aeroplane has made it impossible for besiegers to seal up any city against news coming in and news going out. General Townshend was able all through the siege to receive letters and little packets, vegetable seeds and gramophone needles, by air post; and he found means to send out telegrams to his friends—and capital, cheery messages they were: I have seen some of them. "Where there's an Arab there's a way" applies very much to the banks of the Tigris, but I have never heard whether these messages from Kut were smuggled through or

whether they were carried on wings. I should imagine that a flying force such as Townshend's Division was would not be cumbered with a wireless apparatus.

## The Siege of Chitral.

General Townshend had a previous experience of the rigours of a siege. He was in command of the 400 men who were the fighting force in Chitral fort when Dr. Robertson, afterwards Sir George Robertson, the political agent, was besieged there in 1895. Matters seemed hopeless; but Sir Richard Low on one side with a large force, and Colonel Kelly on another side with a small force, advanced to raise the siege. Colonel Kelly reached Chitral first, and defeated the Chitralis, who very much outnumbered the besieged and the relieving force in conjunction.



THE WIFE OF THE "ARMOURED-CAR" DUKE REHEARSING: THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER BEING COACHED BY Mlle. DELYSIA FOR HER PART IN A WAR-CHARITY MATINÉE AT DRURY LANE.

While the Duke of Westminster has been winning laurels in Egypt with his armoured-cars, the Duchess is also devoting her talents to aid the Allied cause. She arranged to appear at Drury Lane on Tuesday (the 9th) in the "Victorian Romance" at the matinée in aid of the Serbian Relief Fund. She is seen here (in the centre) being coached in her part by Mlle. Delysia, who has played it more than 300 times in "More." On the left is M. Morton, of the Ambassadors' Theatre, who also arranged to take part in the act, with the Duchess.—[Photograph by C.N.]



## DRURY LANE'S DUCHESS: NOT PANTOMIME, BUT REAL.

IN COSTUME FOR THE "VICTORIAN ROMANCE" EPISODE IN THE WAR CHARITY MATINÉE AT DRURY LANE:  
THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER.

The Duchess of Westminster arranged to appear at Drury Lane on Tuesday this week (May 9) in the matinée organised by Lady Greville in aid of the Serbian Relief Fund. As mentioned under a photograph elsewhere in this number, showing her rehearsing for the occasion, she takes Mlle. Delysia's part in the episode from "More" (at the Ambassadors' Theatre) called "A Victorian Romance," and has been coached

in the part by Mlle. Delysia, who played it more than 300 times. The character is that of a forward young woman who succeeds in conquering the diffidence of a bookish young man afflicted with bashfulness, through the mediation of a beggar boy eventually transformed into Cupid. M. Léon Morton arranged to take the part of the bookworm in the matinée, as in the revue.

*Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by Malcolm Arbuthnot.*



# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE Countess of Lytton's matinée is for her own hospital. Her company, too, will be her own. That is to say, she brings new blood to the amateur stage. Not all her performers, by any means, belong to the regular "irregulars" of the charity brigade. Her young and charming relative, Miss Barbara Lutyens,

anything more golden? An Evelyn, an Irene, and an Auriol—Auriol Hay—all suggest a certain fairness. Among the brunettes—Lady Muriel Bertie and the Hon. Violet Baring will serve for samples—there were also many names that rang with quite the appropriate contralto tone. The Conté Stella Vitelleschi was a sort of neutral, for her name suggests both night and light. Her complexion, however, was—to use another contradiction—radiantly dark.

Where are those Pads?

Sir Timothy O'Brien is still in the field—an Army Remount field in Lancashire. There they train horses and break mules—and Tommies, too, in the process. Sir Tim knows the mulishness of mules to his cost. At the great contests between men and beasts that take place in a padded cell—a turf-padded cell in the open—Sir Tim is generally only a director or spectator, but the other day he got within range and was bitten on the leg. "You should wear your pads, Sir," ventured a Sub. to whom Sir T. O'Brien stands, first of all, as the hero of a hundred great innings at Lords.

Susan. There was once a famous lady who disliked her name so much that she always wrote it in an undecipherable scrawl. This is not really an indictment of Susan, Duchess of Somerset, who signs the appeals just issued by the Committee of the Women's Tribute to the Wounded; but certainly some people have been puzzled by the first half of the Duchess's signature. It is quite definitely "Susan" when you know what to expect, or when you are told it is Susan; but if you are without a clue it may

take you quite half a minute to make it out.

Harriet Grown Grand.

Harriette is somebody's variation of a name that has become a trifle dowdy. On the Duchess of Somerset's committee there is a better alternative—Harriot Duchess of Dufferin and Ava has nothing to be ashamed of; and her signature is plain as daylight. But the palm for high-sounding syllables goes, perhaps, to Candida, Marchioness of Tweeddale—another active member of the Women's Tribute Committee.

Off the Square.

So Berkeley Square has lost Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft. For years it has been the base for one of the most inveterate of London's strolling players; for years Sir Squire, nonchalant, curiously hatted, elegantly caned, and supported by the famous black-ribboned eyeglass, has wandered round town, the most readily recognised of celebrities; for years his favourite beat lay between Berkeley Square and the Garrick Club. Some habits are hard to break, and Sir Squire is being chaffingly accused of still going home by way of No. 18—a round-about route too dear to be abandoned.

A 1, The Albany. The Bancrofts' new address has several virtues; it is extraordinarily easy to remember, and it is quite as central as any they could have lighted on. The Albany, A 1—what could be more pleasing? Other new tenants in the same block are Sir John and the Hon. Lady Barlow.



A PEERAGE ALLIANCE: LORD ALASTAIR GRAHAM AND LADY MERIEL BATHURST.

Lord Alastair Graham, who was married on Thursday, May 4, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to Lady Meriel Bathurst, is the youngest son of the Duke of Montrose, and is a Lieutenant-Commander in the Royal Navy. Lady Meriel Bathurst (Lady Alastair Graham) is the only daughter of Earl and Countess Bathurst, and was born in 1894. Lord Alastair Graham was born in 1886.—[Photos. by J. Weston and Son.]

is a new recruit; and Lady Lytton herself is not so very often seen in the thick of "the London group." It is true she has appeared in various rôles, from that of Joan of Arc to Pavlova, but there is just that interesting strain of rarity about her appearances that makes them doubly attractive.

"Ireen." The Hon. Irene Lawley, who is one of Lady Lytton's young ladies, figures also among the blondes in Lady Greville's Serbian matinée. She is a daughter of the late Lord Wenlock, and inherited most of the Wenlock fortune. Her Christian name is, freakishly enough, as often as not pronounced in the way that Compton Mackenzie and other fashionable professors of slang have introduced to Mayfair—that is, to rhyme with tureen and serene, or even with Eileen—which reminds me that Lady Eileen Wellesley is to appear with Miss Irene Lawley in one act of the Countess of Lytton's matinée. "Ariadne in Mantua" is to be the main feature of the performance. That sounds like heaps of slang—I don't think! The passion for "Carnival," which set everybody talking the talk of its lowly heroine, is abated, if not entirely dead, and in any case we have had very little of it reproduced in public. For six months it was used as the ordinary give-and-take of conversation among the enthusiasts: you couldn't go to a dinner-party at Baroness d'Erlanger's unless you were fairly proficient; and everybody was so good at it that it would have been extremely difficult to say which young person of the Manners-Tree-Cunard alliance was most learned in Jennyese. But now we are back with Ariadne in Mantua, and Irene is quite often given her proper quantity.

Aurea v. Stella. Talking of names, it was generally voted that Lady Greville's blondes and brunettes rounded their parts to perfection. The Hon. Aurea Baring—what could suggest



THE WIFE OF THE GALLANT DEFENDER OF KUT: MRS. TOWNSHEND.

Mrs. Townshend was, before her marriage to General Townshend in 1898, Mlle. Alice de Cahen d'Anvers, daughter of the Comte Cahen d'Anvers, and has therefore a dual reason for wishing for the success of the Allies. Mrs. Townshend is well known in Norfolk, where she has a pretty house, Vere Lodge, Raynham. Our photograph shows Mrs. Townshend with her favourite horse.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



THE WIFE OF THE QUELLER OF THE IRISH REBELLION: LADY MAXWELL.

Lady Maxwell is the wife of the distinguished General, Sir John Grenfell Maxwell, to whose skill and energy we owe the prompt subduing of the Sinn Féiners' revolt. Lady Maxwell, who, unfortunately, is seriously ill, was, before her marriage, in 1892, Miss Louise Selina Bonyng, the only child of Mr. Charles W. Bonyng, of Princes' Gate, S.W.

Photograph by Swaine.



## A "STATELY-HOME" HOSPITAL FOR THE WOUNDED.



1. A BEAUTIFUL DORMITORY FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS: AT CLANDON PARK, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF ONSLOW.

2. A RED CROSS PEERESS, HER NURSING STAFF, AND SOME OF THEIR PATIENTS: THE COUNTESS OF ONSLOW AT CLANDON PARK, SURREY.

As the war progresses, the generosity with which the possessors of big houses and beautiful country seats have put them at the service of the wounded becomes more and more evident. A striking proof of this is afforded by our photographs, the first of which shows a spacious apartment at the Earl of Onslow's fine seat in Surrey, Clandon Park, Guildford, which has been converted into a hospital for wounded

soldiers, under the superintendence of the Countess, who is an active worker for the Red Cross and a skilful nurse. The stately columns and the banner above the entrance speak clearly of the dignity of the place in which these brave men broken in the war are housed. Our second photograph shows the Countess of Onslow (sitting on the first row of seats, seventh from the left).—[Photographs by Elliott and Fry.]



## AN IRRITATING MISTAKE!



AUNTIE (*explaining the Biblical story*): Lot was told to take his wife and daughters and flee.

There's Lot; there is his wife; and there are his daughters, a little way behind.

THE SMALL NEPHEW (*much interested*): Yes; but where's the flea?

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

## THE KNIGHTING OF "JULIUS CÆSAR": SIR FRANK AND LADY.

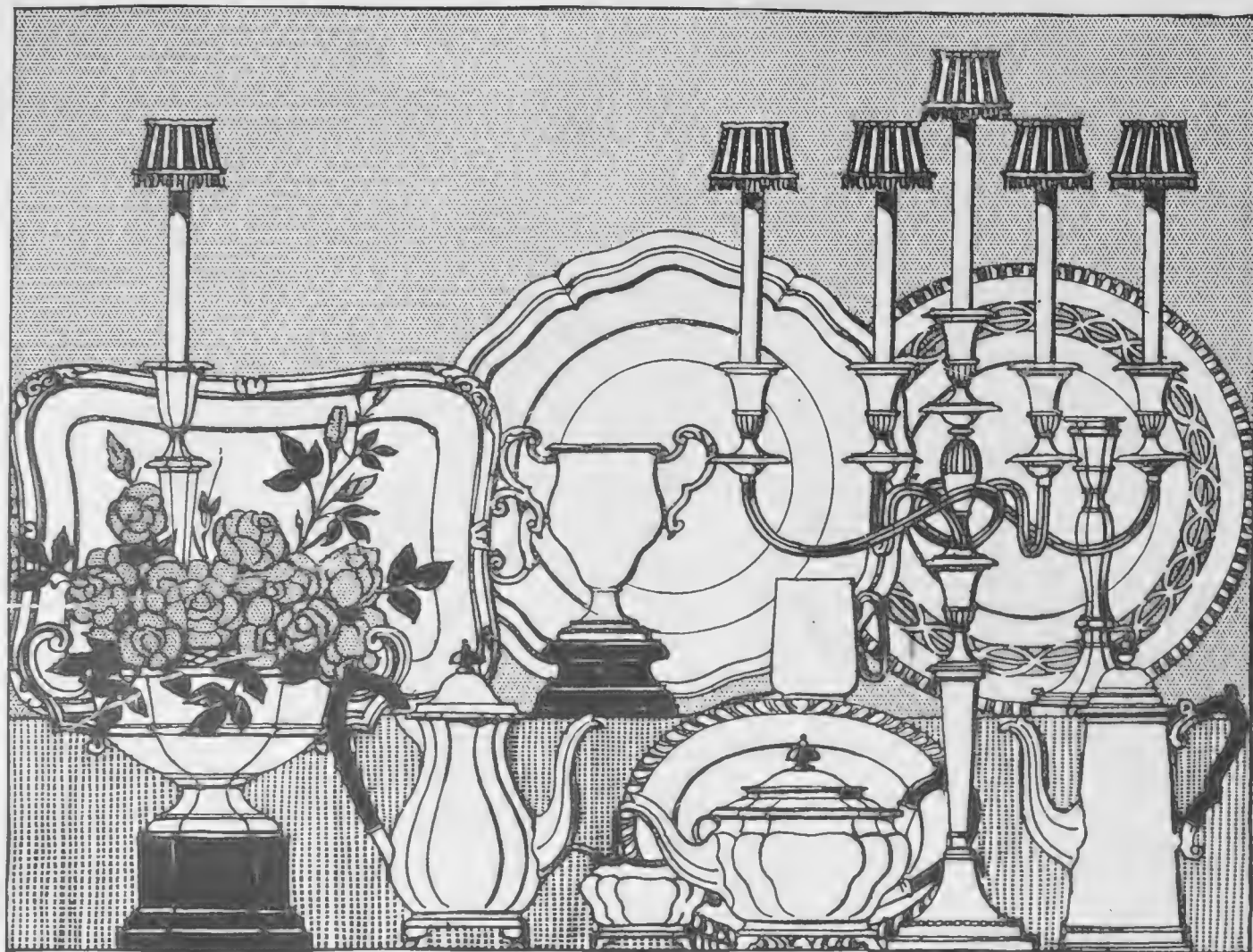


KNIGHTED IN DRURY LANE THEATRE: SIR FRANK R. BENSON (AND LADY BENSON).

An unexpected and gratifying incident of the great Tercentenary Shakespeare Pageant and tribute at Drury Lane Theatre, on May 2, was the reception of a message from the King, summoning Mr. F. R. Benson to the royal ante-room, after the conclusion of "Julius Caesar," and the conferring upon the famous Shakespearean manager and actor, who was still wearing his Imperial robes, the honour of knighthood. That the incident was due to a generous and unpremeditated impulse on the part of the King was evidenced by the fact that the accolade was given with a borrowed sword. That the honour has been well

won will be admitted by all who know what Sir Frank Benson has done. Lady Benson has "played lead" with her husband in nearly all his Shakespearean productions. The new knight has given practically the whole of his life to Shakespearean study and presentation. He is a nephew of the late Archbishop Benson, and was educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford. He made his first appearance on the stage as Paris, in "Romeo and Juliet," at the Lyceum, in 1882, under Sir Henry Irving's management.—[Photograph No. 1, by Kate Pragnell; Nos. 2 and 3, by Ellis and Walery.]





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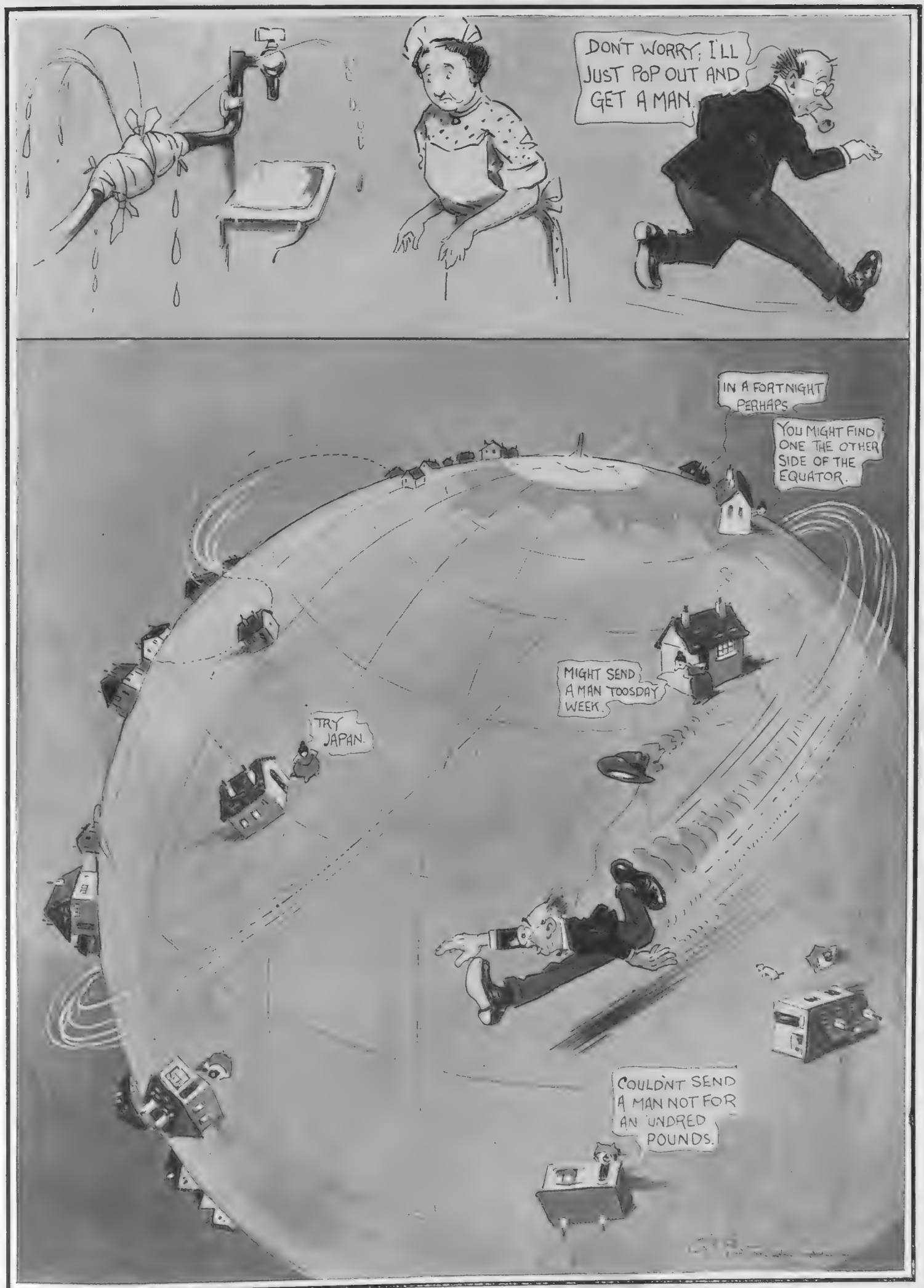
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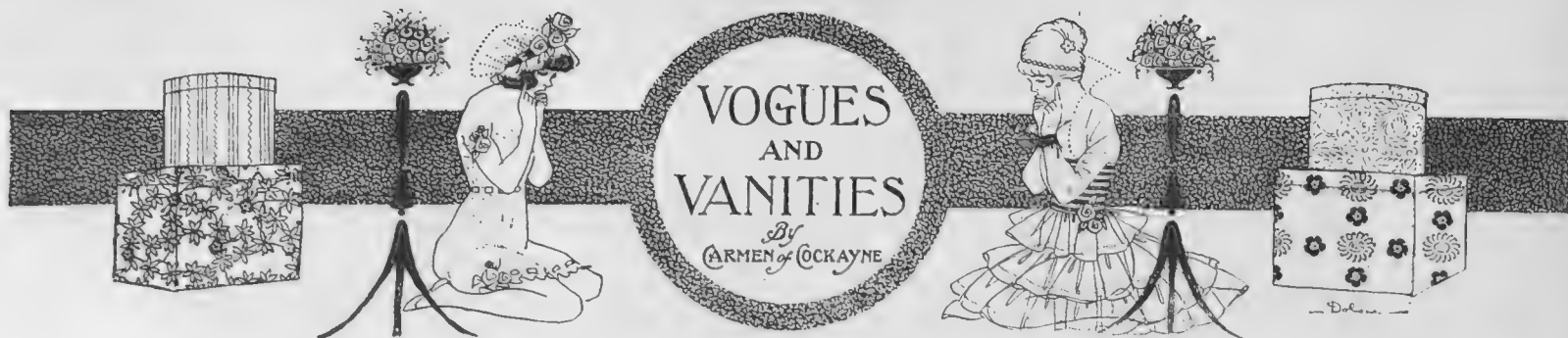
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VI.—A HORRIBLE REALISATION OF THE SHORTAGE OF LABOUR.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.





### Summery Proceedings of the Mode.

With the passing of Easter, and especially of a late Easter such as we have had this year, come the first faint rustlings of the summer modes. In theory, Fashion conforms to the four seasons of the year; but in reality that wayward goddess has small use for calendar conventions. Like the miller in the nursery rhyme, she cares for nobody, and Easter is always her favourite time for moving a step further along the path that leads finally to the full-blown summer styles. Probably that is the reason the Economists, who seem to spend their time issuing manifestos to which no one pays any attention have just published another diatribe against women's dress. However, if one may judge by appearances, Fashion is bent on maintaining her changelessly changeable reputation. It was only the other day that the early spring "novelties" were launched before the eyes of admiring womanhood. But their glory is already becoming dimmed, and quite a number of innovations are discernible in the post-Easter models now being freely displayed.

Woolland's, in Knightsbridge, where frocks and frills innumerable are always on view, and where Dolores sketched the models that are illustrated on this page.

### An Effective Black Frock.

Here is a black frock selected from amongst many others. It has a full underskirt of soft black satin for utility, covered with three frills of black net cut in points and outlined with a narrow band of black jet. The corsage, too, is cut in points held in position by chains of gold-coloured pearls, and by way of foundation there is a wide swathe of pink satin ribbon topped with gold lace. An eighteenth-century companion was of black taffeta, and owned to panier hoops of rococo flowers. Yet another gown pursued a straighter but a scarcely less narrow way. Dark-blue charmeuse with gold-embroidered chiffon were factors that materially contributed to its success. The sleeves were interesting. Of three-quarter length, they were open from the arm-hole downwards, the gap being filled with blue accordion-pleated chiffon.

### Hat Trimmings of Bread.

The large hat, the faithful friend and companion of the bright sunny day, is again casting its shadow across the modistic horizon. Its brim is either

flat or slightly "mushroomed," as befits its protective mission, but in the matter of trimming it knows no law. "Never despise trifles" is the working motto of the creator of fashionable millinery garnitures, to whom nothing in the way of an idea, however homely its origin, comes amiss.

Bread scarcely suggests itself as an ideal medium for the manufacture of dainty floral trimmings; but, nevertheless, flowers made from the non-crusty portion of an ordinary household loaf form the newest sprays for millinery decoration. The idea is said to have originated with the wife of a French artist, who sold her work for the benefit of war charities. The flowers are exquisitely modelled and painted, and no one except the initiated would suspect the secret. A spray in warm purple tints looked particularly well on a grey satin hat of the sailor persuasion, of which the crown was entirely composed of overlapping grey satin petals. Waxed silk braid, of the breadth and thickness of an ordinary shoe-lace, used in the form of bands round the crown and simply knotted in front, are often accounted sufficient trimming for the hat on which they appear; and a profusion of

painted and highly glazed leaves made from fine silk is frequently employed for decorative purposes on a hat intended for afternoon wear.

Who said paradise plumes? These are of nigger-brown to match the "shoe-lace" braid. The hat is black crinoline.

few things in life—in woman's life, at any rate—which can truthfully be called indispensable. Just now it presents several features of interest, and deserves more than passing attention. One of the latest types has a distinctly ecclesiastical flavour about it, and is characterised by a simplicity that is more than a little severe. In appearance it is not unlike a surplice, and the illusion is heightened by the dark cuffs which finish the sleeves, and the cut of the collar, whose shape not infrequently suggests a university hood. The general severity of aspect is softened by the long sleeves, usually of georgette or Ninon, and the blouse is fastened on either shoulder with flat buttons. That is one phase of the blouse. There is another in which Fashion shows herself in more extravagant mood for the benefit of those who prefer a style less trying than undiluted plainness. In not a few cases she has strayed into flowered fields, and the result is seen in blouses of Ninon printed with floral designs and finished with the daintiest of muslin and net fichus. The use of insertion and lace with plain materials, too, is a revival especially gratifying to the woman whose tastes lie in the direction of fussiness. There are, of course, many other aspects of the blouse. To study them adequately, as well as the numerous other whimsies of La Mode, you should visit

### The Surplice Blouse.

The blouse, like the brook, seems fated to

go on for ever, and is one of the



"Flare," says La Mode. "I flare," says this vandyked skirt made of black silk net and jet. There is a swathe of pink ribbon under the corsage, and a touch of gold for brilliance.

ALL'S FAIR IN—GOLF AND WAR!



BROWN: Hello, Smith! So Captain Dash has just pipped you for the monthly medal!  
SMITH: Yes, the glutton—and he's already got the V.C.!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.





## A PINT OF BEER.

BY BART KENNEDY.

HE was in the pub of the village green, surrounded by friends and admirers. Everyone was anxious to see him and to talk to him. He was a middle-sized, well-proportioned man of about twenty-seven, his eyes were blue, and his face was simple in expression. He had the look of a man of the countryside who had been smartened up in the Army. Before he had gone away to fight for his country he had been no one in particular. He had just been a labourer who got sixteen shillings a week, working around on the land. But he was now a hero.

For he had come back from the front. He had been wounded in battle. His arm was in a sling. It had been smashed with shrapnel in the terrible fight at Mons. But, for all that, he looked well and soldierly.

"Ow was it, Bill?" asked a friend. "Ow did you find it when you was fightin'?"

Bill looked at his questioner. And then he raised the pint mug of brown ale from the bar and took a quaff that all but emptied it. Then he shook his head very slowly.

"Ow was it?" he repeated. "Well, you can ask me another. I don't know. Oh—well, it was a lot worse than what they says in the papers. It was 'ot. Very 'ot. It was——". He paused. He was unable to put into words whatever impression was in his mind.

"Ow about them Germans?" asked another friend. "What does they look like?"

"Look like?" said the soldier. "Come off, you've often seen Germans."

"But I mean 'ow does they look in fightin'?"

"We never got very close to 'em. They came up in the distance, all bunched together, shoulder to shoulder. You couldn't miss 'em—no, you couldn't miss 'em. We didn't let 'em get near us. Just kept a-pluggin' 'em. The noise was awful. We were at it hour after hour. Just pluggin' it into 'em. Never missin' on 'em."

"Ow did you do for food, Bill?" asked a farmer who had come into the bar to see the wounded soldier. This farmer was one who had employed Bill in the days before the war. He was a man with a speckled beard. In the old days he had not thought too much of Bill's prowess as a worker. But now things were different. This wounded soldier was in no way to be confounded with the go-easy labourer who injured himself as little as possible when he was working for his sixteen shillings a week.

Bill fumbled with his left hand in the breast-pocket of his khaki tunic. After a while he produced a piece of biscuit.

"This is 'ow we did for grub," he said.

The farmer looked closely at the piece of biscuit. In fact, everybody in the bar looked at it with tremendous interest.

"Taste it," said Bill invitingly to the farmer. "It wants a bit o' bitin', I can tell ye. Just try your teeth on it. I 'ad it with me at Mons."

But the farmer was shy. He was evidently a person who was particular as to food. He refrained from testing his teeth on the biscuit that had helped to sustain a hero at Mons.

The soldier held out the piece of biscuit to me.

"Ave a taste of it," he said.

I did a somewhat swift reflection. The piece of biscuit had a much-handled appearance, and the fact that it had reposed for some two weeks in the breast-pocket of the soldier's tunic was not altogether alluring. But politeness is one of my strong points and I bit off a piece of it. It was fairly easy to bite for one who was the possessor of business-like teeth, but the taste of it was negative—neither one thing nor another. I said as much to the soldier.

"But it keeps you up," he said. "One biskit will keep you a-goin' for a day. I don't know what they puts in 'em. But they keeps you goin'."

"Ere," said the farmer, handing him a packet of cigarettes. Bill took them without saying anything. He doubtless felt that the farmer was only giving him a bit of his own back.

"Ave a pint o' beer," said the landlord, a big, red-faced, rough-looking man. And he pushed a mug of foam-topped ale across the bar towards the soldier.

"I suppose beer doesn't affect your wound?" I ventured to remark.

The soldier looked at me in a very curious way. It was as if I had said something altogether wrong—something that was utterly out of proportion. As if I had asked some man—thirsting in a desert—if water were bad for him.

"Fect my arm?" he said. "Why, it's a-curin' it. It's a-doin' me more good nor anythin'. When I was in the 'ospital, I felt all the time that what I wanted was beer. 'Fectin' my arm? Why, every pint as I puts down makes it feel better."

I at once ordered him a pint of the Kentish elixir. Not to do so would be to fly in the face of all things that were right and proper to the occasion. This was one of the times, so to speak, when the faces of ordinary facts were changed. What this soldier wanted was beer, and still more beer. It was altogether wrong, altogether against the dictum of the medical profession. But he said it was curing him; and, after all, his body was his own. Sometimes the body obeys laws that are beyond the ken of doctors.

"When I was lyin' down firin' at Mons," said the soldier in a louder voice than he had hitherto used, "I was all the time thinkin' about a pint. I was all the time a-wantin' it. When we was retreatin' I kept a-thinkin' on it. When I got my arm smashed up, it was what I wanted first."

He paused, and he managed to work a cigarette with his left hand from out the box that the farmer had given him. And then the farmer struck a match and held it almost reverently whilst he got a light. There was a general silence, and then Bill broke forth again in praise of the Kentish elixir. It was a line of oratory that touched all hearts. The red face of the landlord beamed with a light soft and strange. A gentle look did its best to struggle into the face of the farmer. Everyone was deeply impressed by the eloquence of the soldier, Bill.

For this was the district where hops were grown! Around about were miles and miles of hop-gardens.

After the soldier had finished concerning the wine of Kent, I tried to ask him a question or so about what he had

felt upon the terrible battlefield where in reality, perhaps, the fate of Europe had been settled for centuries. I tried to get him to describe the impressions that had been made on his mind in the midst of the hell through which he had lived. But he could tell me nothing. And most likely there was nothing for him to tell. For there are events so terrible that the only impression left on the minds of those who pass through them is that of numbness.

All that he could really tell was of his longing for a pint of beer as he lived through the most dreadful and significant fighting the world has known.

Just as I was leaving, the landlord pushed another foam-topped mug towards him.

"Ave another wi' me, Bill," he said. "You deserves it."

THE END.

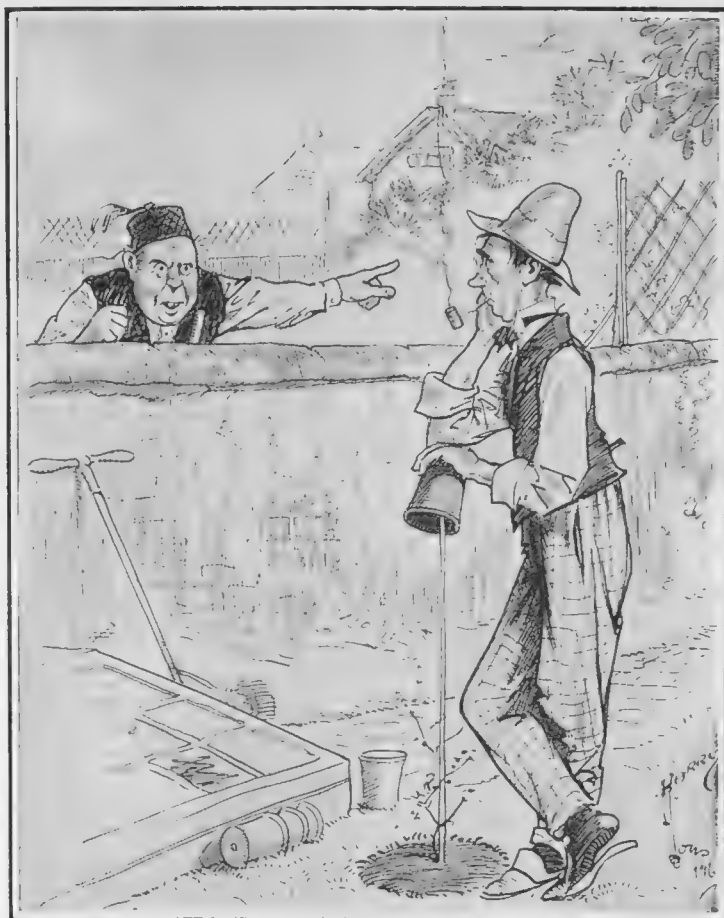


WIFE OF A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR FROM AUSTRALIA: THE HON. MRS. T. J. RYAN.

The Hon. Mrs. Ryan, who is at present in London, is the wife of the Hon. T. J. Ryan, Premier of Queensland. Mr. and Mrs. Ryan are expected to remain in London for about two months, returning to Queensland in time for the reassembling of Parliament there in August. The eager loyalty displayed by the British Colonies to the Mother Country is one of the happiest features of the Great War, and none of her sons has shown this spirit in more notable fashion than the Prime Minister of Queensland, who is only forty and was anxious to join the Australian Expeditionary Forces; but it was suggested by the local Recruiting Committee that his services at home were of too great value to the Empire to be dispensed with.

Photograph by Vandyk.

## THE COMIC SIDE: FOUR PHASES.



## DOUBTFUL!

"I admit that my wife called yours a beast, Mr. Flabb; but at the present price of meat you might consider it a compliment!"

DRAWN BY HARRY LOW.



## MATES!

RECRUIT (to Adjutant): 'Alt! 'oo goes there?

ADJUTANT: The Adjutant, Sir!!!

RECRUIT (who has unwittingly let several men asking for the Adjutant break bounds):

'Op in quick, mate. There ain't arf bin a lot arskin' after yer.

DRAWN BY SEYMOUR HURLEY.



## TOO REALISTIC BY HALF.

BLIGHTED TRAGEDIAN (to Ornament of the Pit): Yes; burnt out last week, Laddie. The Villain chucked his fag into the snow and set the whole blinkin' show alight!

DRAWN BY HARRY LOW.



## "SMALL 'OLDINGS."

JIM: Wot Oi'd like to know is 'ow they're goin' to sloice Germany up wen it's all over.

JARGE: Well, it seems ter me that if we 'ave many more allies they'll 'ave to cut it up inter small 'oldings.

DRAWN BY HARRY LOW.



## NUMBER !



TOMMY: They takes me from 'ome, an' bungs me into barracks. They takes away my clothes an' puts me inter khaki. They takes away my name an' gives me a number—005. They sends me ter church, an' after a forty-minutes sermon, the Parson says: "Number 005: 'Art thou weary?'" I jumps up an' ses "Yus!" an' gets fourteen days C.D. for givin' A CIVIL ANSWER!

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



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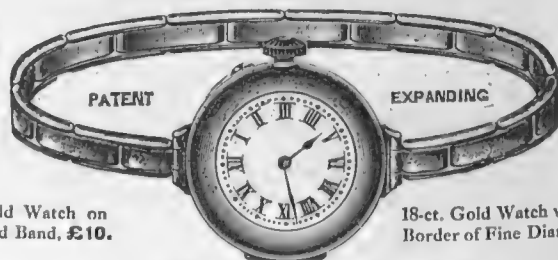
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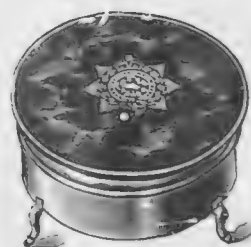
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## WOMAN'S WAYS

### War and the Arts.

While the guns are firing, the Zeppelins are hovering, and the poison-gas is rising is not the moment, it would seem, when artists—either of painting, literature, or music—are inspired to high achievement. We have not had a single play of the first order since we declared war. One or two poems alone will survive. If Elgar's "Carillons" lives, it will be because of the tragedy of Belgium. So with painting and sculpture. The Royal Academy, and many of its exhibitors, have attacked the war from various points of view. Thus we have the meetings of "Captains and of Kings," large as life, and, with little to lift them beyond the photographic; British Tommies charging up a Flemish street; King Albert in his motor, with burning Belgium behind him. Two canvases only have a well-accentuated idea—those of Mr. Charles Sims and Mr. Clausen. "Clio and the Children" shows us a suave Sussex down in midsummer, and all that it implies, and a group of modern children resting on the short grass while the Muse reads out a bloodstained scroll.

"Youth Mourning." In Mr. George Clausen's "Youth Mourning" there is no attempt at realism. We are simply aware of a small white figure, convulsed with grief, seeking in Mother Earth for consolation; while the vague grey distance is etched with a wilderness of slender, ephemeral crosses. The small white figure looks like a snow-drop which has crept out in the night; those slender crosses seem like twigs which will presently be blown away by the winds of oblivion. It is a profoundly moving conception.

### The Imperturbable Parisians.

If we pride ourselves here on our Japanese imperturbability, and contrive to carry on our London life with a reasonable amount of cheerfulness in the midst of civil war and capitulations, what are we to think of the Parisian? With the Boche still on the offensive but sixty miles away, and Northern France in his hands, one can still go, as a friend writes me, to the Comédie Française and see a most admirable and elaborate performance—perfect in every detail—of a classic such as the "Mariage de Figaro." "Such a representation in war-time," she writes, "such perfection of *mise-en-scène* and costumes, such finish of diction and acting reveal the infinite resources of France better than all the written pages." And this is true. There is something specially "distinguished"—and the French are always that—in never abdicating from an artistic throne, in doing everything admirably and in order, when other folks might be make-shift or slovenly.

### Some Other Taxes.

There are still plenty of things which a really ingenious Chancellor of the Exchequer might tax. Why not, for instance, the odious perambulator, especially when it is pushed into seething crowds in Oxford Street—a thoroughfare in which most of the adjacent babies take the air? Superfluous luggage, too, might well give a toll; and unnecessary letters, as well as feeble or sensational fiction, might come under the ban. Lectures, particularly about the war, would yield a small harvest; while the undue and excessive playing of all musical instruments might be easily made to add to the national revenue.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.



"DUDDLES" AS TOUCHSTONE: MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH IN THE SHAKESPEARE MATINÉE AT DRURY LANE.

In the Shakespeare Tercentenary Matinée at Drury Lane, Mr. George Grossmith was Touchstone in the "As You Like It" tableau. He is, of course, the "Duddles" (alias the Hon. Dudley Mitten) of "To-night's the Night," at the Gaiety.

Camera-Study by Bertram Park.



VERY FESTIVE! MR. LESLIE HENSON AS FESTE IN THE "TWELFTH NIGHT" TABLEAU AT THE SHAKESPEARE MATINÉE AT DRURY LANE.

The part of Feste in the "Twelfth Night" tableau had been assigned to Mr. Hayden Coffin, but, as he was unable to appear, a very efficient substitute was found in Mr. Leslie Henson.

Camera-Study by Bertram Park.

## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS

### "Making Money."

BY OWEN JOHNSON.  
(Martin Secker.)

If it is safe to judge by external signs, the author of "Making Money" comes from the land where money is made in the largest and most sensational quantities, and has devoted his description of Wall Street finance to the sacred cause of what is called in America "uplift." Four students meet when they are about to enter upon the task of earning their living, and decide upon their plans after a discussion of their ambitions. Most of them are convinced that they must make a million dollars; the one who decides to do hard, honest, rather uninviting work is, of course, the lad who comes to the top. The hero—he goes through life with the unattractive name of Bojo—is presumably in love with the elder daughter of a big financier, but he is not quite sure, and she cannot love unless all luxuries are guaranteed. He is a little reluctant to depend upon her "poppa's" wealth, though he does not hesitate to enter blindly upon some of the old gentleman's speculations. Happily, Mr. Daniel Drake, multi-millionaire (*pro tem.*), has a third daughter, who loves Bojo and whom Bojo loves, so, after the glittering time has led to the financial crisis and Doris has married somebody whose financial position is secure, Patsie saves the situation, and Bojo goes to work in the factories of his own father, who had given him fifty thousand dollars to play the fool with shortly after the story opened. "When, the battle won, he removed with his family to New York and larger interests, there were times when he confided to his wife that life seemed to be robbed of half its incentive." Mr. Johnson tells the story of foolishness pleasantly enough, but such fiction smacks of the machine, and is utterly uninspired. It deals less with life and character than with some pale convention of both, and it is impossible to escape from the "uplift" that is to-day the dominant note of American fiction.

### "The Duel."

BY A. KUPRIN.  
(Allen and Unwin.)

Alexander Kuprin, author of "The Duel," spent seven years in the Russian Army before he resigned the service to devote himself to literature, and in this book he gives a singularly vivid, graphic, sad-coloured account of life as he knew it years ago in a little garrison town close by the old Russo-German frontier. In an abridged form the story was published nine years ago under the title "In Honour's Name"; but fiction is at best short-lived, and this story is, as far as English readers are concerned, of perhaps

greater interest to-day than it could have been then. As is the rule with the great majority of Russian novels that see the light in England, this one is written in the minor key, and is a story of lives lived meanly in evil surroundings, and under conditions that seem to condemn conscript service without reserve of any kind. Yet, by an odd irony, the real condemnation of the institution comes, almost in the last pages of the book, from the lips of a dipsomaniac whose dream of a time when the world shall realise the full evils of extreme militarism is arresting. Perhaps the tragedy that Kuprin envisages in his powerful novel is not so much the individual tragedy of his hero, Sub-Lieutenant Romashov, as that of the thousands of young men who serve and often abuse the system in countless towns. If they are devoted students of military matters, they may rise; but the army would appear to claim all and absorb only a few. For a proportion of those who take to the profession of arms there is possibly a weakening of the moral fibre. The little garrison towns seem to provide nothing

better than opportunities for dissipation of the crudest kind. This, at least, would appear to be the verdict that "The Duel" would suggest. As an indictment of dominant, unreasoning militarism it is vigorous; as a study of Russian life of other days, it is absorbing, and as a piece of literary work it has definite claims. The reader must, however, bear in mind that no system, military or civilian, is static, but subject to modification and amelioration by the conditions of the time.

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# THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

## The Jade Mascot.

In these times of anxiety and stress superstition flourishes. Let it flourish, say I, if it prove in any sense a comfort. A few married girls, whose menkind are fighting, have had mascots bestowed upon them, and of these the majority are of jade. Some virtue is supposed to attach to the old Chinese carved variety, in addition to its beauty of colour and quaintness of design. The virtue it possesses in reality is to be a wee bit of comfort and a considerable amount of becomingness to its owners. A certain shop in Bond Street which had, before the war, made considerable purchases of fine jade of this character has had a run on it. The pieces I mean cost anything from £20 to £200.

## The Short and the Long of a Dress.

Sometimes fashion has to overcome many and great difficulties. One of these was to attach a train to a short skirt with any degree of dignity. It was overcome very cleverly in a wedding-dress I saw the other day. The dress was white satin veiled with tulle and old lace; it was short, and gay in spirit and character. A befitting dignity was secured for the progress up and down the church by a train of heavy crêpe-de-Chine descending from a rolled-over drapery at each hip. It was bordered with silver and fell in two points, one

longer than the other, terminating in handsome silk and silver tassels. It was quite graceful, and was, I believe, a model from Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, where some extremely successful models have been secured for the coming season.

## White Stockings.

Not on horses this time, so we need not recall the aphorism of the famous chestnut mare—one white stocking, your wife may ride her; two, your wife's friend may ride her; three, put your worst enemy on her! I am not quite clear if this is exactly how it goes, but it doesn't matter, for the white stockings I mean are of thick silk, and are one of the modes of the moment. The Prime Minister's wife wore a pair at the Academy Private View. Although her Victorian predecessors wore white stockings, the exhibition of the pair in question would have given these great ladies pause. Worn with black shoes, which were smart first-cousins to Victorian high-lows, and a very short (Mrs. Noah) dress of white satin hemmed with black-and-white swansdown veiled with a filmy black lace overcoat, was the theme built up from

the white stockings. The wives of Victorian Prime Ministers might have purchased such a dress for a girl in her 'teens. To clothe their own mature dignity—perish the thought!

## Flowers of May.

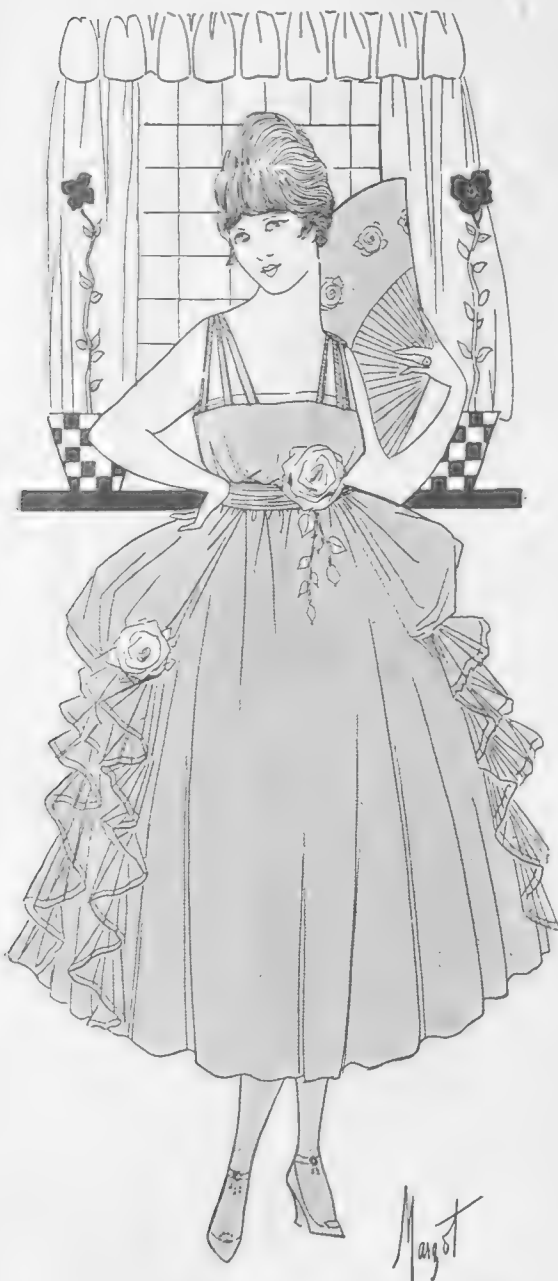
Not the kind that grow—I am not going to attempt to paint the lily! I refer to those that we shall wear. Old Mamma Nature herself can do little better than these as I saw them at Marshall and Snelgrove's, and, to my pleasure and pride, learned that for the most part they were English-made. There is no doubt that it will be a flower-and-ribbon season. These seem the right things to go with short, full skirts. There were poppies, ox-eyed daisies, and cornflowers as patriotic in colour, idyllically English in character, and as natural as anyone could wish. They were on a bronze straw hat. On one of dark green were stems and garlands of waxen-bloomed, glossy-foliaged gardenias, looking quite recently picked. Another black and rather shiny straw was wreathed with velvet-petalled scarlet geranium, with its own leaves, while a high aigrette was formed of white geraniums. There was a smartness about these flowers and their arrangement of which Nature knows nought.

## Mutton and Lamb.

My dear, dear readers, don't! This is not a dowdy "don't"—far from it. It is, don't dress mutton lamb fashion! The prevailing fashion is risky in the extreme, because—let us candidly admit it—it is suitable for youth only. Youth is by no means the only attractive time in woman: each period has its attractions, but they must not be mixed! Above all, dignified maturity should not be dressed as gay and gambolling youth. view if the subject is erect and slender, but we cannot go through life backwards, even to reach a temporary semblance of youth again!

## The Shackle.

There was talk of a shortage of wedding-rings, which would have been a serious matter in view of the numbers of weddings going on. However, I have the highest authority—that of the Goldsmiths, 112, Regent Street—for assuring any man who wants to get married that he will not be stopped for want of a ring. The now notorious Countess Casimir Dunin de Markievicz, of Zvyotova, Staro Zvyotov, Poland, to give her full style, title, and address—not her present residence—was married with an iron ring made from a link in the chain with which her husband's ancestors were held in a Polish prison by alien conquerors. Why, oh! why did a lady who shackled herself in matrimony after this manner want to qualify for an Iron Cross? Her iron wedding-ring was by no means unsightly, and undoubtedly she is a woman of parts—some of them very good! One recalls Othello's cry: "Yet, the pity of it!" when one thinks of her.



IN THE SECOND ACT OF "TOTO": DRESS WORN BY MISS ENID SASS.

A charming frock of old-rose taffeta with waterfall paniers, edged with silver. Two large silver roses are the only other decoration.



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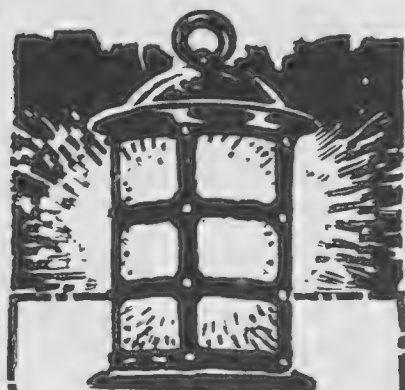
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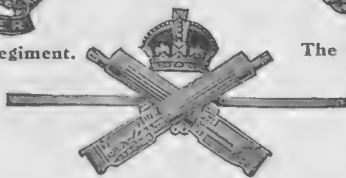


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# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE TAX TROUBLE: JOY-RIDES FOR THE WOUNDED: THE GOOD WORK OF THE MOTOR SQUADRON, L.V.R.

## The "Scrap of Paper."

Whether or not the legality or otherwise of the Budget motor taxes will be raised in Committee remains to be seen, but it may be noted meanwhile that various M.P.s have expressed their dissatisfaction with the method of the new imposts. Mr. Douglas B. Hall, for example, has expressed himself feelingly to the effect that at the beginning of the year economical and business-like motor-car owners went into the question of whether they could afford to run their car for another year or must lay it up. They were informed, he says, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that the Government would practically enter into a contract with them to allow them to run their car for the whole year for a given license-fee. Having paid their tax accordingly and renewed the lease of the garage, they are calmly informed that the Government propose to break their contract by doubling or trebling the tax for the current year. "Is this," he asks, "a fair way of raising money?" It is certainly, so far as one

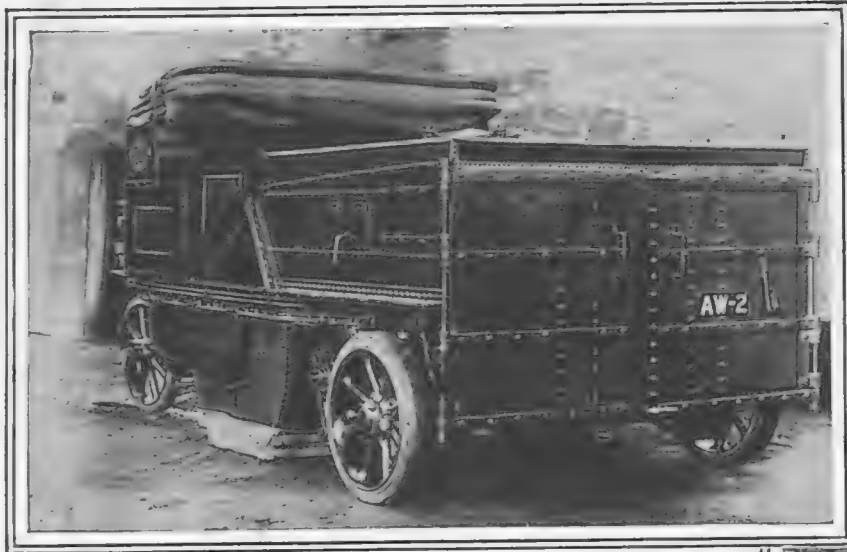
partridges, and curlews—than this Rip van Winkle critic has seen in his whole life.

## A Motorists' Matinée.

The Motor Squadron of the London Volunteer Rifles are organising an entertainment with the object of replenishing their Hospitals' Expenses Fund, which has been greatly depleted by reason of multifarious activities. The Alhambra has been kindly lent for a matinée on Friday, the 19th inst., and the programme will be arranged by the popular and inimitable Mr. James Welch, whose name alone ensures a diverting entertainment. The Motor Squadron's work has earned the good opinion of the military, civil, and medical authorities, and has proved a delight to thousands of wounded soldiers, who have been conveyed in members' private cars, and at the members' own expense, to such places as the "Zoo," Madame Tussaud's, and social, political, and golf clubs which receive the men as their guests and entertain them during an afternoon. But there are often more passengers than vehicles, and consequently taxi-cabs and motor-buses have to be hired. There are other incidental expenses as well, including the maintenance of the ambulance-van belonging to the corps; and it is to meet these that the public are invited to throng the Alhambra on the date named, and so enable the squadron to continue its voluntary and beneficent work.

## The Condition of Our Roads.

The best highway I have struck for some time past is the Bath Road. In parts it has suffered, like the majority of routes, from transport traffic, but to a less degree than any others, and on some sections the surface is surprisingly good for war-time. On the other hand, the Portsmouth Road is again in very bad condition in places. Perhaps the main route which has deteriorated less than any others.



A MACHINE THAT SAVES MUCH LABOUR IN THE PRESENT SHORTAGE OF MEN: THE BACK OF THE NEW HOLBORN ROAD-CLEANER—SHOWING THE WATER-TANK AND REFUSE-RECEIVER.

Owing to the shortage of men, the Holborn Borough Council has acquired a motor vacuum road-cleaning machine which saves much manual labour. After first watering and then sweeping the road, it collects rubbish automatically. The water-tank holds 100 gallons, and the receiver will contain 3 tons of refuse, which is mechanically compressed as it is collected. At the end of the operation, the road is left perfectly clean.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

can see, unjustifiable and without precedent, and, if annual licenses are to be subjected to "scrap of paper" treatment or Budget vicissitudes, they should be issued in a different manner, and also at a different time of year.

## An Old Fallacy Revived.

How much, one wonders, does the correspondent know of practical motoring who has written to a morning paper on the subject of rides for wounded soldiers? He suggests that horse-traps rather than motor-cars should be utilised for the purpose, on the ground that "it is impossible to appreciate the fresh green of the parks when you travel at twenty, or even ten, miles an hour." Perhaps the gentleman in question will state, in the first place, where the horsed traps can be obtained; and, secondly, how it is possible to attain a speed of twenty miles an hour in the parks, where the special limit of twelve miles an hour is rigidly enforced. As for the idea that motorists, by reason of their speed, can see nothing of the country through which they pass, its fallacy has been exposed time and time again. The eye and brain are fully capable of taking in all one's surroundings at a much higher rate of progression than "twenty or even ten miles" an hour. As a passenger—indeed, as a driver—of seventeen years' experience, I would undertake at any time to pass an examination in the topographical details of a given route over which I had driven, not merely sat in, a car at thirty miles an hour. As for appreciating the freshness of green life, I could talk by the hour of what I have seen these delightful spring days in Surrey, Sussex, Hampshire, and elsewhere; and have probably seen more primroses, cowslips, anemones, bluebells, forget-me-nots, and dog-violets—to say nothing of pheasants,



WATERING-CART, SWEEPER, AND REFUSE-COLLECTOR IN ONE: HOLBORN'S NEW MOTOR ROAD-CLEANING MACHINE—FRONT VIEW, SHOWING THE VACUUM CLEANER AND BRUSH UNDERNEATH.

is one which is far too little known to motorists—namely, the road to Chichester by way of North Chapel and Petworth. I fancy that not much military traffic passes this way, and it was mostly in an excellent state a few days ago. On the Midhurst route, also, to Chichester there are some very good stages, alternating, however, with sundry rather bad ones. But there is one main road, which has suffered even more than the Portsmouth Road, and yet appears to have had nothing done to it for months; I refer to the Middlesex portion of the Oxford Road. Of course, it carries a good deal of traffic owing to the peculiar transverse course taken by the Great Western Railway, but is, nevertheless, in an inexcusable condition. Generally speaking, our country surveyors are doing what they can to repair the ravages of transport work by means of temporary patching, which is, perhaps, all they can contrive in present circumstances; but there are, of course, exceptions. I was pleased, however, to note last week that a particularly vile road over which I have often travelled of late—namely, from Hampton-on-Thames to Sunbury—has been improved by patching. It skirts the Kempton Park motor-lorry dépôt, and had got into an awful state.

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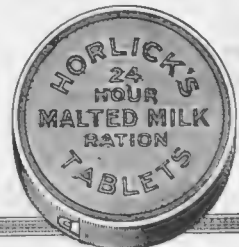
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## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE Tercentenary celebration at Drury Lane was a very big affair, suitably patronised by royalty. The warmest outburst of cheering took place when Sir George Alexander announced that Mr. F. R. Benson had just been knighted in the Royal Box. Nobody will dispute his claim to the honour, seeing how great have been his services to our stage and loyal his labours for popularising Shakespeare throughout these islands. There was some discussion as to the selection of the player for the part of Julius Cæsar at the Drury Lane celebration, but the overwhelming voice was for Benson, and his performance vindicated the selection. Of course, one does not criticise a performance of the tragedy under such circumstances. The experienced know too well that these "all star" cast scratch performances invariably lack vitality, and this drama is peculiarly difficult in presentation. I should not like to say confidently that there were not moments on Tuesday when some of the company were thinking of other matters than the play itself. Perhaps the most remarkable feature was the delivery by Mr. Henry Ainley of Mark Antony's great speech—he did electrify the big, distinguished audience. Another much-admired element was the Cassius of Mr. H. B. Irving. There was very loud applause for Master Roy Royston's singing of Sullivan's delightful setting of "Orpheus." Indeed, the music was one of the agreeably memorable features. The Pageant of Plays produced some splendid pictures, presenting once more several favourites not seen for a long time on our boards.



"TOTO," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S: TOTO (MISS MABEL RUSSELL) HAS HER NEW ADDRESS DICTATED TO HER BY CHARLES (MR. PETER GAWTHORNE).

Photograph by Wrather and Buys.

Sir George Alexander seems to accept the current idea—which I believe to be quite ill founded—that the public at present does not want thoughtful drama, so his latest production is a farce from the pen of Mr. H. A. Vachell. Not at all French farce, as the London theatre understands the term, but one that will not shock the most censorious. It is a farce, politely called a comedy by the programme, showing an attempted combination of character and intrigue; yet it is not really a combination, but a character-piece up to a point, and then one entirely of intrigue—intrigue and bewilderment. Possibly I am not quite fair to it, because I hate being beaten, and must honestly confess that I failed to guess who was the father of Penelope's baby, and even at times suspected that there was no baby at all. Possibly the discoverer of the rule that dramatists ought not to puzzle the audience was a critic who disliked being puzzled; however that may be, the rule certainly is sound, for the pleasure in drama comes to the audience in part from a quaint feeling of superiority over the persons of the play, founded upon the fact that we know the mysteries which baffle them. There are entertaining moments in "Pen," though sometimes the humours are rather cheap, such as when the athlete tries reluctantly to recite a poem, and the poet unwillingly does Swedish exercises before the adored and adorable Pen, who is Lady Penelope Brading, a very wilful young lady who makes fun cruelly of her worshippers. We could all enjoy the simpler parts of the play—the scenes based on the troubles caused by Pen to her aunt, the Duchess of Goring, and her middle-aged cousin, the amiable Earl of Bradstock. Here the

(Continued overleaf.)



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*Continued.]*

characters are nicely drawn, showing observation, even if they occasionally said things which neither of them in real life would have approved. It would be difficult to give a coherent account of the story, which for two-thirds of the work merely shows the experiments made by Pen upon her quartet of foolish suitors; then is switched off—after an interval of a year—to the question who is the father of her baby, and had it any lawful parent at all; and then wound up, more pleasantly, with the tranquil courtship of the Duchess by the Earl. Miss Ellis Jeffreys played the Duchess, from which statement it may be guessed easily that we had a finely humorous performance, with a number of delicate little strokes of character; the Earl was presented by Mr. Allan Aynsworth with no little quiet humour; also there was a naughty boy, son of the Duchess, acted very cleverly by Master Arthur Lowrie; and, of course, Miss Marie Hemingway was delightful as Pen—she can't help being delightful.

The new entertainment at the Comedy Theatre, "Half-Past Eight," contains substantial portions of a promising revue. Mr. Will Evans, for instance, is in great form on several occasions. He keeps a furniture-shop, and smashes everything in it. As a destroyer he is very cheerful, and so utterly reckless. He is also splendid as a tube conductor, tumbling over passengers' feet in a fine model of a tube train. This scene is, perhaps, the best of all, and when contracted a little will go excellently; so will one in which Mr. Evans and an American gentleman, Mr. Rube Welch, contend for precedence as comedians. This passage got the revue well on

to its feet; but it fell away badly in the middle, when politics and extreme paucity of feminine attire became prominent. There was much room for excision here; but the chintz and black scene can be highly commended, and there were some pretty effects when Mlle. Leonora danced among Greek maids in Salonika. There were many clever people helping—Miss Millie Sim, for instance, and

Mlle. Yvonne Granville and Mr. Hugh Wright and Miss Estelle Winwood; and when some of them, such as Miss Sim, get more to do, and there has been some necessary compression, it will be as entertaining a revue as any in London.

The tenth and eleventh volumes of Mr. Buchan's "History of the War" (Nelson) bring the general story which he is so admirably and clearly telling down to the events of the late autumn of last year, to the date of the Austro-German invasion campaign in Serbia. A specially timely and interesting chapter in the tenth volume deals with the earlier events of the Mesopotamia campaign, down to the advance on and battle at Kut-el-Amara in September 1915, and the consequent Turkish retreat to Bagdad. The severe trial of General Townshend's gallant column at Ctesiphon and its enforced retreat to Kut and siege there, recently so unfortunately terminated, remain over for a later volume. In the tenth volume is told the Anzac episode at the Dardanelles, the Russian turn-back and taking over of the campaign by the Emperor, and the Allied offensive move in the West to the Battle of Loos. Volume XI. is given up to the German struggle for the Dvina and Riga, the counter-strokes in the West, and the invasion of Serbia.



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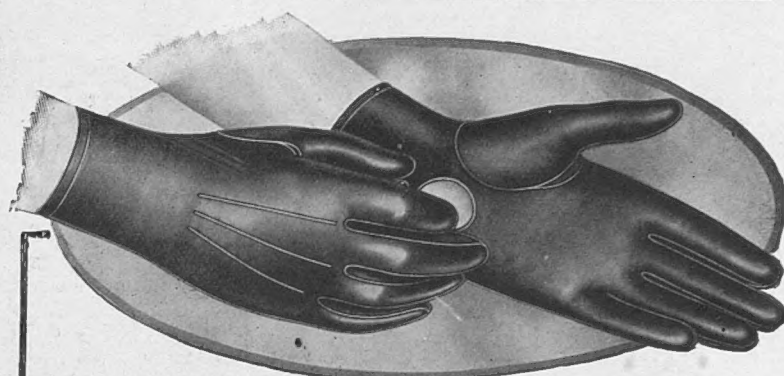
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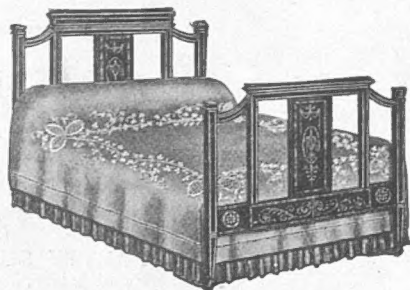
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